Hopwood.

Nov 11-1879

My Violet,

Nina has just put me off; she wants me to try & get you to come on Wednesday week, 19th, instead of this Wednesday. That would suit us equally well; but if it doesn't suit you, please come next Wednesday as we had arranged; & we will get Nina another time.

We shall be alone, but all the same, we will try to make up by our pleasure in seeing you — Would you send me a line. Nina is a d-d old wretch. Ever V.W.

Nov. 27. 1919

Stuyvesant. Fri Thursday.

Hey Violet

What a strange miracle! I was willing my pen to write to you - the postman knocks - servants out - I go to the door - & there's your self in person. One of these days, when the feast with the black cake - Violet in white comfits, has taken place, I shall collect your notes. Please do it at once. "To my dearly beloved niece & intimate Lp: — all my papers without exception" What a book! What a book! It makes my mouth water.

What can I have said to make you believe that praise from anyone, of anything, is other than the breath of life in my nostrils? And who would I rather have a praise from than Violet? Wasn't it she who first said that though afflicted with every conceivable vice, crooked in spirit & deformed in nature, still when it came to writing —

It was certainly your doing that I ever survived to write at all; - I suppose nothing I could say would give you an idea of what your praise was one night — I can see it — sitting in a long room at Fritham, after a walk on the Common: O how excited I was - what a difference you made to me! But I dont suppose you realise how much I think it, or how grateful I am — not only for praise, gluttonously though I am. Oh no — for being all you were to us. And Greece — a Hobby. Life has had its wonders —

But I wasn't writing to put you among them. I was writing to ask you about roses. The Times reviewer says that I can't have roses at Christmas — anyhow not in Lincolnshire. The book is now being published in America, & they want me to alter any mistakes at once. At Kew there are certainly roses at Christmas — the long pink ones. Even on the East coast one can't be positive for a careful gardener to have enough to fill a small basket.[2] — That all I said. Someone

else has wanted to protect; but I'm anxious to
keep them, & intend to go by what you say.
Only would you let me know at once.
And if at the same time you would write
out your views upon Night & Day I should
be enchanted; somehow I thought you
didn't like my writing, & being so modest,
I was anxious not to be told so; &
then shot the book at you, & then ran
away.

Leonard sends his love, & we hope
to have you to dinner again. You have a
fur coat, so you're no excuse for not
letting us to the remotest suburbs in a
blizzard.

I saw Katie yesterday at a concert, in
the 5/6 seats. wearing a new blue
hat, so the investment still; but I hope
to live to see her mount the scaffold —
after all the only end for that type of
beauty. As for Lady Dorothy Nevill,
she made me laugh so with her
pigeons, guinea pigs, fungoes & the rest
that I couldn't hurt a hair of her head.

Yrs. V.W.

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A thousand thanks. I have left the roses in, & shall tell my critics what you say. Nothing could be better — not that I think it matters either way, except that old gentlemen get so angry.

V. W.

Mrs Leonard Woolf.

Monks House
Rodmell
Lewes

4th Jan 1920

My Violet,

(Excuse this paper) I will certainly write to Middleton Murry about Mr. Freeman. But I think he would have a much better chance of getting books to review if I could say that he has a subject; I think editors prefer that. Also has he written articles that Murry could look at — in some paper? The Athenaeum ought to suit him. Murry got into trouble at Oxford himself, lived for years on bread & water.

We're down here recovering from influenza. Leonard prunes apple trees all day with a knife you gave him. But we have to be back on Thursday, though it's nicer than all London rolled in one here. I hope you'll come & see us again. Bring Mr. Freeman to dinner, won't you? Lunch

is rather hopeless for Leonard.

Seven hundred odd is your book seems to me quite good, considering the price; & it ought to go on, considering the value yet. I guess its too good to be mapped up.

I have to be photographed for America, in order to appear in person when the novel come out. Shall I borrow Beatrice's pearls? or look as dissolute as I am? I've just been told that Kitty Marse thinks it's N. 1 the dullest book she's ever read. but then you know - my opinion of Kitty Marse - I never succeeded with Kitty. I never put on her clothes right - she gave me an entire outfit, with black when Marsey did - But you neglected your duties in that line:

Is Crum ever coming to the west aa again?

not Ella - Walter. I should like immensely to see him.

Ed Wp:

Editing vary I think: Scribd Duckworth must print about 2,000 in one - but it may be different with Memoirs

March 29
1920

Monks' House
Rodmell
Lewes.

My Violet-
Here we are for Easter, so that-
I'm afraid luncheon on Monday
is impossible – but might it
come later – to tea? when we
come back.

Nessa is in Italy, having
got old Sophie back who manages
children, lessons, flat-, food,
everything. She has been
with Lady Victoria Herbert, but-
doesn't find the heat to her liking,
I think..

I never have never had the
courage to get myself photographed –
you know you said I'd better conceal
my face a rose as the virgin of 20 –

Mrs Margaret Duckworth has just sent me about 50 old copies of the picture of father & me — would you like one? However, if you know of a photographer I must face him, I suppose.

Now, let me come in to tea one day, — & tell me how Emily Eden goes on.

Yours

V. W.

NYPL